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beautiful I must have become, since you have given me your life."

"But you have now to go to the bath-room to improve the colour. Endure yet a little, though painful," Seikichi whispered in her ear kindly.

"I will endure any pain to become beautiful."

The girl smiled forcedly, controlling the pain of the body.

"Oh, how the hot water cuts the skin! . . . Leave me alone, for Heaven's sake! Go upstairs; wait for me there! I hate to be seen by a man in such misery!"

Not yet wiping her body, thrusting away Seikichi's helping hands, the girl threw herself down at once on the planks of the bath-room and groaned as if with a nightmare. Her crazy-looking hair was confused pitifully on her cheeks. A looking-glass stood behind her; there were reflected the two little soles of her snow-white feet.

Though surprised at the girl's attitude, so different from her timidity of the day

before, Seikichi, as she wished, went upstairs and waited for her. After about half an hour the girl ascended to him, her toilet made, the black, washed hair flowing over her shoulders. She looked up, leaning on the railing, at the hazy large sky, stretching her clear eyebrows, where no shadow of pain remained.

"This picture, too, I will give you. You can go home with it."

Saying thus, Seikichi placed before her one of the scrolls.

"I have thrown off my former timidity. I see you have paid, the first of all, your own share in becoming my night-soil."

The girl brightened up her pupils like swords; there in her pupils were seen reflected the canvas of the picture called "Night-soil." In her ears resounded the songs of triumph.

"Let me see the tattoo once again before you go," asked Seikichi.

The young girl nodded in silence and stripped her back. The morning sun shone just then on the picture; her back glittered brilliantly.—*English Review*.

### MUSING

At eve, along the river bank,  
The mist-crowned wavelets lure me on  
To think how all antiquity  
Has floated down the stream and gone!

—*From the Chinese of Hsieh Jung, circa ninth century A. D.*